

# DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers

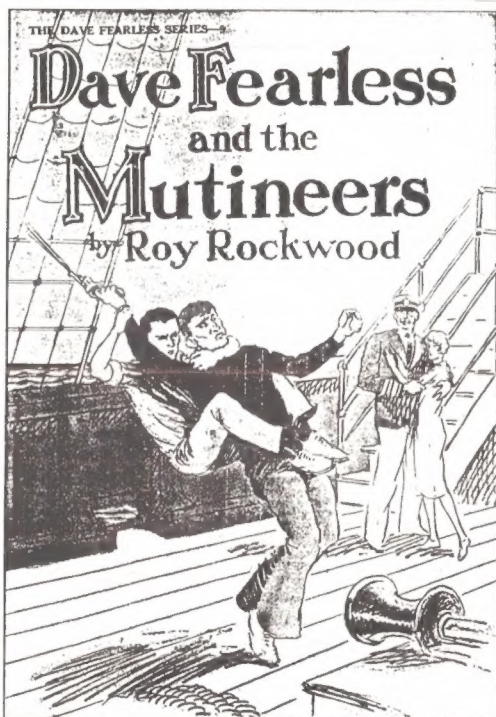
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## THE BOY SCOUTS VERSUS THE SERIES BOOKS — PART II

By John T. Dizer



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DAVE FEARLESS SERIES

Publisher: Garden City Publishing Co., Garden City, NY. Issues: 15 (17 advertised, but only 15 published). Dates: 1926-1927. Schedule: Monthly. Size 7 3/8 x 5 1/8". Pages: 200-225. Price: Not shown (probably 15-25¢). Illustrations: Colored pictorial cover. Contents: Reprints of the cloth-bound series of the same name.

## THE BOY SCOUTS VERSUS THE SERIES BOOKS — PART II

### Boys' Life, Franklin K. Mathiews & Boy Scout Censorship

By John T. Dizer

Some interesting background on the chaos and competition of the times comes from a study of early *Boy's Life*. The historical questions are also interesting. Three official BSA histories show the magazine as being started by an 18 year old Rhode Island Scout, Joseph Lane, in March, 1911.<sup>29,30,31</sup> (Murray does not mention the date.) The Williams Rhode Island Scout history states that Joseph Lane was founder with Edward M. Fay giving moral and financial support. Williams states that it was labeled by Lane as "the official Boy Scout magazine."<sup>32</sup> Peterson says, "Without authorization, Lane had dubbed it the 'semi-official publication of the Boy Scouts of America.'" Both Murray and Hillcourt say that "Lane was already publishing a Scout magazine in Providence, Rhode Island. He had presumed, with youthful innocence, to call it 'the semiofficial publication of the Boy Scouts of America, and the official organ of the Rhode Island Boy Scouts.'"<sup>33, 34</sup> Both the pictures of the so-called first edition (March, 1911) in Peterson and Hillcourt show George S. Barton & Co. of Boston as the publisher.

My second March edition, headed Vol. 1, No. 2, measuring 9½ x 6½" has sub-headings of "The Boys' and Boy Scouts' Magazine" and "A real Boys' Magazine" but nothing else. There is absolutely no reference to Lane as publisher or editor or the magazine claiming official status of any sort. This may have happened later, but not in the beginning. I suspect, incidentally, that the first March edition is actually the 5th issue, judging from internal evidence in my copies. The publisher of the second March edition is still George S. Barton, and was printed in Boston. Barton was President, Treasurer and Editor. Sergt. Major E. R. Short was Assistant Editor and Vice-President. Joseph J. Lane was Advertising Manager and Assistant Editor, and E. W. Gay and C. H. Thompson, Jr., were Circulation Managers. In the "Round the Campfire" page "Your Editor, George S. Barton" says, "I want every boy and Boy Scout who reads this number of *Boys' Life*, to drop me a line telling me how he likes my paper." Note he says *his* paper. In his section on *Boys' Life* and the Boy Scout Movement he goes into panegyrics about the movement but he *never* mentions the Boy Scouts of America. Joseph J. Lane had a page on "Things All Scouts Should Know" (for example, you can hide things in soap) but no reference to the BSA.

Only in the section "The Boy Scouts News and Notes," also edited by Lane, do we find reference to the BSA in an item "Taft and Roosevelt Praise Boy Scouts" and in "Progress with Boy Scouts of America." The last item is of interest because it refers to the New England offices of the BSA which were just being formed. Another (and the lead) item says, "New England Boy Scouts Receive 1390 Applications During First 20 days of February." Since Barton was Treasurer of the New England Boy Scouts and Short was Secretary this is not surprising. We might note the competition between the New England Boy Scouts and the BSA in New England. Peterson quotes Julian H. Salomon's remarks about James E. West, the first Chief Scout Executive: "He was a real battler, and he could be ruthless. If anybody used the name Scouts around the United States, he either persuaded them to come into the national organization or he would knock them out by



fair means or foul.<sup>35</sup> Eventually the New England Boy Scouts lost out.

Digressing for a moment, West and the BSA were so possessive about the term "Scout" that in 1924 they threatened the Girl Scouts with a lawsuit over the use of the name and West, "as late as 1941 held a press conference in which he blasted the Girl Scouts for using the name and thereby aping men."<sup>36</sup> In the 1929 HANDBOOK FOR SCOUTMASTERS there is a section, "Girl Scouts: Relationship of Boy Scouts to" which says among many other things, "We believe that it would have been better for both organizations and would have avoided unnecessary misunderstanding if the Girl Scouts had chosen a different name for their organization and one not so similar to ours."<sup>37</sup> It might be remembered that the BSA had endorsed the Campfire Girls back in the early days of Scouting.

Referring back again to *Boys' Life*, the first issue in my collection, also headed Vol. 1, No. 1, was published January 1, 1911. (Incidentally the day before Peterson states that James E. West joined the BSA and started the first BSA office in New York City.) It was quite different from the March issues mentioned above, measuring 11 x 15½" and containing only eight pages. The heading was similar to the smaller Vol. 1, No. 1 March edition. There is again no mention of "semiofficial publication of the BSA" and, indeed, there is no mention of either Lane or Fay. The amusing thing to me about the picture of the Scout in the heading of both the January and first March issues is how closely he resembles Tom Swift! There are a number of significant items in the January issue, particularly as they show the competition for national leadership in Scouting at the beginning of 1911. It develops, from a close reading of the eight pages that the editor and publisher George S. Barton and E. R. Short (identified as assistant editor and vice-president) had both been active in the American Boy Scouts. Scout Master E. R. Short handled a section on the activities of the American Boy Scout troops. There was a Scout Master T. E. Maitland reported, from Bridgeport, Connecticut, a city which had over 300 ABS, all uniformed. (One wonders if he was connected with Major Robert Maitland, author of numerous Boy Scout series books!) There was equal space given to the BSA which gave its history and Committee on Organization. (Ernest Thompson Seton was Chairman.) There was a third news item dated Boston, December 20, 1910, that "The department of the American Boy Scouts had been reorganized as the New England Boy Scouts." The new treasurer was George Barton, publisher and editor of *Boys' Life*. There was also an interesting reprint of an editorial from the *Boston Journal* urging the union of the American Boy Scouts and the Boy Scouts of America. All of this, taken together, shows not only that the BSA is a bit weak on history but also that Scouting in early 1911 was dynamic, growing and very competitive. It must be remembered that the Scout Oath and Law as we know them had not been developed and that little literature on American Scouting had been written. The purpose of Scouting was expressed in innumerable documents with different phrasing but never was censoring the books a boy read ever mentioned as a major or minor goal.

With the establishment of a separate Scout office and the addition of James E. West, both apparently on or about January 2, 1911, the BSA drew rapidly ahead of the competition and eventually eliminated or absorbed them. The formation of a National Council, composed of a number of illustrious Americans, was a big drawing card. The melding of the Committee on Organization with the original incorporators of the BSA into the National Executive Board on October 27, 1910, was probably the real turning point. The purpose stated was: "The object of the Boy Scouts of America is to organize the boys...and to teach them...discipline, patriotism, courage, habits of preservation and self-control and ability to care for

themselves in all exigencies of life." One would have thought that this is about as far removed from "guiding" or censoring a boy's reading as one can get but it didn't quite work out that way.

So the BSA emerged as the eventual victor in the power struggle but it was still a long struggle and the BSA was by no means universally accepted in the 1911 to World War I period. Because of the close connection with the predominantly Protestant YMCA the American hierarchy of the Catholic church did not officially give its conditional approval until 1917. Even then Cardinal O'Connell did so with the understanding that "there shall be distinctly Catholic troops under a Catholic Scoutmaster, and that there shall be a Chaplain appointed by the proper ecclesiastical authority for each Catholic troop."<sup>38</sup> On October 7, 1919, the Vatican approved "the formation of distinctively Catholic units among the Boy Scouts of the United States."<sup>39</sup> As I understand the graph in the 1929 SCOUTMASTER'S HANDBOOK, even at that late date there were only about 900 Catholic troops as compared to a total of about 11,400 Protestant troops. Blacks, of course, were pretty much out of the picture and would be into the 1940s and later. Labor leaders feared Boy Scouts would be used as strikebreakers and several national labor unions had prohibited their members from becoming Boy Scouts. The October 15, 1917, Illinois Federation of Labor Report on Scouting finally endorsed the BSA as had the United Mine Workers of America on May 28, 1917.<sup>40</sup> Similarly, the Socialists under Eugene V. Debs, who had been opposed to the BSA reversed their stand in a December 18, 1915, letter.<sup>41</sup> There was still both opposition and confusion because of the military type uniform and the failure to distinguish between the BSA and the United States Boy Scouts. In World War I the BSA walked a fine line between patriotism and militarism, quite successfully, particularly considering the temper of the times. The BSA had been emphasizing so earnestly that they were not a military organization that they were accused of being anti-military and had to explain that they neither promoted nor discouraged military training. The death blow to the United States Boy Scouts and other organizations using the name "Scout" came in 1916 when Congress finally granted a Federal Charter to the BSA. The BSA had been trying, unsuccessfully, to obtain a national charter since 1910. Finally, "In 1916 West's friends in Congress introduced another bill to charter the BSA. One evening when Congress was in haste to adjourn for the Democratic Convention, this bill and many others swept through by unanimous consent."<sup>42</sup> The BSA filed suit against the United States Boy Scouts and an injunction was granted in 1918. West had finally crushed the major opposition. He had crushed Seton in 1915 over philosophical differences, essentially dismissing him from the BSA in a rather arrogant power play. In a fashion more typical of Russia than this country, "all of the many sections (of the handbook) written by BSA co-founder Ernest Thompson Seton were purged immediately after he left the BSA."<sup>43</sup> There was still competition. In 1915 Boyce, who had become inactive in Scouting, formed the Lone Scouts of America, a group which flourished until it was absorbed by the BSA in 1924. There were others still outside the fold including a Salvation Army Scout group but effectively the BSA was in complete control of American Scouting with James E. West calling the shots.<sup>44</sup>

It is important to understand the beginnings and the power struggles of the BSA as well as the phenomenal appeal and growth in Scouting in order to understand the role of Franklin K. Mathiews. So on to Mathiews: A question which I've not seen squarely addressed is why the Boy Scouts of America, an action oriented—outdoor skills, hiking and camping—organization (at least that's why the boys joined) ever got into the book cen-



sorship business. In all his writings Seton certainly didn't and it was Seton who provided material both for Baden-Powell's English handbook as well as writing the first American Scout handbook and serving as Chairman of the BSA Organizing Committee which really got the movement going. As many problems as Scouting had in its early days, it seems like a waste of both effort and money. In retrospect it probably was. Scouting histories are vague as to when and why Franklin K. Mathiews became Chief Scout Librarian or who assigned him his mission in life. I have used the Don Quixote and the windmills analogy elsewhere but it seems to me that Mathiews quest was about as reasonable as that of Don Quixote and his mental state must have been about the same.

Monroe, writing in *Scouting* magazine has interesting information and I quote his introduction: "In the space of a few years, the Reverend Franklin K. Mathiews rose to unique prominence in the book business and the Scout movement. A zealous Scoutmaster, in 1910 he worked Tuesdays, unpaid, at the BSA's national office in Manhattan. Chief Scout Executive James E. West, who took a personal interest in each clerk—even the part-time volunteers—discovered that young Mathiews had known John D. Rockefeller, Jr., at Brown and was still a friend of Rockefeller's chief adviser in philanthropic matters. Soon it was arranged for Mathiews to give up his pastorate in Scotch Plains, New Jersey (population 800), and join the paid BSA staff. He was given a splendid title of his own devising: "Consulting Book Physician." Mainly he prescribed reading lists for problem boys. But soon, noticing that most books he specified were sold for \$1.50 and up, he began to wonder if the BSA could publish good books at a lower price."<sup>45</sup> We should probably note that in 1910 there was no BSA national office in Manhattan and no Chief Scout Executive. Both started in January, 1911. It is interesting to note that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., donated \$6,000 to the BSA in 1912, second highest of the major donors. One could wonder if West were more interested in Mathiews' book interests or in his contacts.

According to Soderbergh, "Mathiews was born in 1872, educated at Peddie School and Brown University, and held pastorates in Tennessee and New Jersey. He became a Scoutmaster while serving as pastor of the Baptist Church, Scotch Plains, New Jersey, and in 1912 joined the BSA's national staff."<sup>46</sup> Anyway in 1911 or 1912 Mathiews put on his white hat, levelled his lance, and rode off in all directions. His first noticeable blow for censorship and good reading supposedly came in 1913 with the publication of EVERY BOY'S LIBRARY.<sup>47</sup> I say supposedly because it is hard from the Scout histories to figure out just what Mathiews was doing. According to Murray, who was personally involved at the top level with early BSA work and his 1937 book should be accurate, the BSA bought *Boys' Life* and "we began to issue *Boys' Life* in July, 1913, with Franklin K. Mathiews in charge."<sup>48</sup> Peterson says the BSA published its first issue in July, 1912.<sup>49</sup> Hillcourt agrees with the July, 1912, date but states that the first editor was Edward Cave.<sup>50</sup> I have found no mention of Mathiews in connection with the August 31, 1911, edition of the BOY SCOUT HANDBOOK so either he came later, his input has been ignored, or he was not involved. It does appear that West shared Mathiews' concerns about juvenile reading although it is not clear as to how concerned he would have been without Mathiews' insistence. One could suspect that West's concern was more with the non-BSA approved Boy Scout series books which he could not control rather than with the more detailed, Comstockian, concerns of Mathiews. Anyway, Mathiews made a deal with Grosset & Dunlap, apparently without ever attempting to talk with Stratemeyer who was supplying most of G&D's juveniles, to issue EVERY BOY'S LIBRARY, cheaper reprints of "acceptable"

boys' books. "The first 25 books went on sale in time for the 1914 Christmas season and sold 71,000 copies in six weeks," again quoting Monroe.<sup>51</sup> Chenu says the EVERY BOY'S LIBRARY was published "from 1913 onwards."<sup>52</sup> James E. West had a hardhitting foreword in each book. The first was dated July 31, 1913, and since a number of copies with Christmas, 1913 inscriptions exist, it seems to verify a Fall, 1913, availability to the trade.

My dust jacket of BUCCANEERS AND PIRATES OF OUR COASTS, also apparently from 1913, has one leaf headed "The Consulting Book Physician" which offers a "course of reading" and states, "the Boy Scouts of America has appointed a Consulting Book Physician who has made an exhaustive study of boys' books." It seems probable that the Physician was Mathiews. He may also have graduated by then to Chief Scout Librarian.

West's early introduction apparently shows his justification for dragging the BSA into book censoring. It starts out: "TO THE PUBLIC:—In the execution of its purpose to give educational value and moral worth to the recreational activities of the boyhood of America, the leaders of the Boy Scout Movement quickly learned that to effectively carry out its program, the boy must be influenced not only in his out-of-door life but also in the diversions of his other leisure moments. It is at such times that the boy is captured by the tales of daring enterprises and adventurous good times. What now is needful is not that his taste be thwarted but trained. There should constantly be presented to him the books the boy lies best, yet always the books that will be best for the boy. As a matter of fact, however, the boy's taste is being constantly vitiated and exploited by the great mass of cheap juvenile literature. To help anxiously concerned parents and educators meet this grave peril, the Library Commission of the Boy Scouts of America has been organized." And so on for two pages, signed by James E. West.<sup>53</sup> Incidentally, Mathiews, according to Monroe, even talked the authors or their heirs into "allotting their royalties—about four cents a copy—to the BSA. The Literary world was awed by Mathiew's persuasiveness."<sup>54</sup> And the BSA was perennially hard-up as well.

West was not as forceful in later editions of EVERY BOY'S LIBRARY. His foreword now reads, "Tempting boys to be what they should be—giving them in wholesome form what they want—that is the purpose and poser of Scouting. To help parents and leaders of youth secure *books boys like best* that are also best for boys, the Boy Scouts of America organized EVERY BOY'S LIBRARY. The books included, formerly sold at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$2.50 but, by special arrangement, with the several publishers interested, are now sold in the EVERY BOY'S LIBRARY Edition at \$1.00 per volume." And so on, again signed by James E. West.<sup>55</sup> The \$1.00 price was no big deal but many of the books were of interest to boys and with the BSA seal of approval the books sold well into the 1930s.

Chenu lists four formats of EVERY BOY'S LIBRARY with the latest dating from about 1932. Either 73 or 75 titles were eventually published. Fisk lists three major formats and 73 titles and Froehlig lists 75 titles. I have only three formats and believe Chenu's fourth to be extremely rare.<sup>56,57</sup> West, in his later foreword just quoted says "more than a million and a quarter copies of these books have already been sold." I believe this to be the late 1920s. Murray, in 1937, used the figure of over 2,000,000 sold in 22 years.<sup>58</sup> It was certainly a significant quantity and undoubtedly annoying to Stratemeyer and his publishers (other than G&D) as well as to the many other juvenile publishers but the net effect on total sales of fifty centers was negligible.

Following up both West's and Mathiews' writings about the EBL and boys' books as found in various SCOUT HANDBOOKS, I note that West's entire 1913 EBL foreword is reprinted in its entirety in the 1914 SCOUT HANDBOOK.



All the material about helping "anxiously concerned parents and educators to meet this grave peril" etc. is included and three paragraphs are added. However West's name is not used and one could possibly wonder who actually wrote the original foreword. The first of the three new paragraphs says, "This library contains some of the best stories for boys ever written and is the only series of books approved by the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America...the stories are clean, wholesome and vigorous, and have been endorsed by a Commission of the leading librarians of America." In the second paragraph it is noted, "The price is 50 cents per volume." The third paragraph lists 30 titles including as new additions HANDBOOK FOR BOYS and Fitzhugh's ALONG THE MOHAWK TRAIL.<sup>59</sup> In the June, 1920, edition of the HANDBOOK, on page 30, the Library Department noted the EBL which consisted of 45 books, now selling at 75 cents (not italicized!) per volume. However on pages 460-461 the price is given as \$1.00 per volume and only 41 titles are listed. Once again the old 1913 EBL foreword is included, just as expanded in the 1914 HANDBOOK.<sup>60</sup> In the 1922 HANDBOOK the Library Department notice on page 30 regarding EBL is identical to the 1920 edition including "see book list in appendix," but I can find neither the book list nor West's "foreword."<sup>61</sup> This may be just the carelessness in editing which is often found in the older HANDBOOKS or this may be the period when West became less interested in trying "to help anxiously concerned parents and educators meet this grave peril." I find nothing by Mathiews in the early SCOUT HANDBOOKS although he does appear in the REVISED HANDBOOK of December, 1936.<sup>62</sup> There is no mention of either the EBL or the Library Department but there is a special section, "Fun from Books," by Mathiews, which is still pushing "good books" as opposed to the "easy to read" type of story. The three page section is much more sonable and moderate and, to me, much better written than either his early shrill diatribes or West's strident position in the first EBL "foreword." Although Mathiews goes on to list six pages of various types of recommended books, including four Fitzhugh series, I find no mention of the EBL. It is quite possible that since this edition of the HANDBOOK first appeared in 1927 and Mathiews had retired in 1928 the section just quoted may have been written much earlier than 1936. By 1940 the new HANDBOOK had only a page on "The Troop Library of Scout Books" although they did say EVERYBOY'S LIBRARY contains 21 selected titles at \$1.00 each. It is not clear if the 21 titles are in addition to previously printed titles or if this is even the old EVERY BOY'S LIBRARY. It is a large addition for a library which had only a total listing of 73-75 books.<sup>63</sup> In the 1956 edition, sandwiched among the ads in the back of the MANUAL, are seven pages of books including the BOY SCOUT BOOKSHELF. THE BOOKSHELF consists of twelve books including the BIBLE (which from my observations was a latecomer to Scout literature) and the SCOUT HANDBOOK.<sup>64</sup>

Of much more enduring impact than the EBL were Mathiews' speeches and writings which combined the moral sanctity of his Comstockian leanings with the authority of the BSA. He apparently spoke often and well, with the sincerity and dedication of a committed crusader—or fanatic. His best remembered article was "Blowing Out the Boy's Brains." This is the article extensively discussed in *Fortune* as having so much impact and the one requested by myriads of writers. It appeared in *Outlook*, November 18, 1914, with the credit "Chief Scout Librarian, Boy Scouts of America."<sup>65</sup> The title of the article was catchy and the magazine was well-respected. *Outlook* has been classified as a "general publication with a religious bent." This was just fine for a Baptist minister looking for devils to exorcise. A point which I have not seen mentioned elsewhere is this: Nowhere are Boy Scouts or Boy Scout books mentioned. No comments of any

sort are made about non-official Scout books or Scout reading habits. So why did Mathiews use his Scout title and not mention Scouts? Was he trying to add to his own vendetta the image of manliness and mural uprightness which was becoming associated with Scouting? Was he just another misguided crusader, striving to direct youthful reading habits into proper channels? It is most possible that when the article was written Mathiews/West did not feel they were in a strong enough legal or moral position to pretend to speak for all Scouting and so criticize non-BSA Scouting books. Anyway, at this point Mathiews directed his wrath towards FRANK MERRIWELL, Dime Novels, Fiction Factories and Mile-a-Minute Fiction, Science Fiction, Explosive books which blow out the imaginations of boys and leave them terribly crippled for life and "Cheap Reading" in general. The article even reads like Comstock—dramatic, misleading and inaccurate—and ending with the boy who ran away—"The only possible clue I can find is 'cheap reading.'" Dime novels seem to be a fixation with Mathiews and even in the 1929 SCOUTMASTER'S HANDBOOK he says, "Point out to the Scouts the foolishness of the 'blood and thunder' dime novels."<sup>66</sup> He is suspicious of any respectable looking but low priced book since dime novelists are now writing boys' books. He condemns FRANK MERRIWELL in the hardcover McKay edition because it started life as a dime novel and also because the author is writing another series under another name. He says, "Many of the reputable publishers are placing in competition with the trashy books reprint editions of some of their very best juveniles." which is the closest he comes to mentioning the EBL. He condemns the Altemus Co.'s SUBMARINE BOYS (by Victor Durham—possibly a pen-name of H. Irving Hancock) as ridiculous and "the harm done is simply incalculable." These books are actually a lot of fun, certainly imaginative and somewhat improbable with some science fiction overtones. He uses this series as an example of the "mile-a-minute" fiction "manufactured" by the writing syndicate headed by "one man who is as resourceful as a Balzac so far as ideas and plots for stories are concerned. He cannot, though, develop them all, so he employs a number of men who write for him." The fact that Altemus had no connection with Stratemeyer didn't bother Mathiews, in fact guilt by inference often appears in Mathiews' reasoning. "Because these cheap books do not develop criminals or lead boys, except very occasionally, to seek the Wild West, parents who buy such books think they do their boys no harm. The fact is, however, that the harm done is simply incalculable. I wish I could label each one of these books: 'Explosives! Guaranteed to Blow Your Boy's Brains Out.'" And he goes on and on about the pernicious influence of "cheap reading."

The *Fortune* article says, after publication of Mathiews' article, "Women in Portland, Oregon, stood beside the counters of bookstores discouraging would-be buyers of fifty-centers. Disgusted booksellers packed up their TOM SWIFTS and shipped them back to the publishers."<sup>67</sup> No one seems to have noticed the discrepancy in this account. If Mathiews' major thrust was against action-packed cheap books why would a major publisher of such fifty centers publish the EBL? One reason I can see is that G&D did not have a quality reputation in the library and literary field since their adult offerings were almost entirely cheaper reprints of other houses. By agreeing to publish the EBL they would be reprinting juveniles which met the American Library Association standards and would have the support of the BSA in promoting this line. Secondly, they would be expanding their offerings. Thirdly, they may have been told other approved Scout series were in the offing. At the end of 1914 when the *Outlook* article appeared G&D was publishing 30 titles for the BSA and about 97 for Stratemeyer including both Syndicate and his own series as well. The



figure includes 15 new titles added in 1914. Can you imagine the attitude of George Dunlap and the aggressive Dunlap book salesman if this had been as serious as *Fortune* makes it out to be?

Dunlap, in his biography, *THE FLEETING YEARS*, speaks well of Stratemeyer and his books and discusses how TOM SWIFT came to be born. He also makes this interesting observation: "Stratemeyer was a genius in his way, using several different pen names for his own work, and in addition to that had numerous other clever writers on his staff, both men and women, who turned out book after book, not always of the highest quality, but always having that something in them which appealed to the youngsters."<sup>68</sup> He mentions 1936 sales figures of 6,566,464 TOM SWIFT books, 5,619,129 BOBBSEY TWINS, 2,421,909 ROVER BOYS, and 2,153,515 BUNNY BROWN.<sup>69</sup> He gives no figures for EBL or the Fitzhugh series and in fact never mentions the Boy Scouts, Mathiews, EBL or Fitzhugh which lends credence to my belief that what may have been a book war by the BSA and librarians standards didn't amount to much by other standards. Incidentally, there were 17 TOM SWIFT titles published by the end of 1914 out of a total of 40 in 1941 and judging by Dunlap's sales figures Tom wasn't hurt much by Mathiews' attack.

The tenor of Mathiews' later speeches and articles was similar. The 1922 edition of *COMMUNITY BOY LEADERSHIP, A MANUAL FOR SCOUT EXECUTIVES* has a chapter, "The Scout Executive and Recreational Reading—The Boy's Indoor Sport," by Franklin K. Mathiews, Chief Scout Librarian. It goes on at length. Among the comments are these: "The boy of today is being deluged with a flood of cheap, story books that are as destructive of things previous as a Johnstown Flood, the menacing element of all these stories being their gross exaggeration. But in almost all this 'mile-a-minute fiction' some inflammable tale of improbable adventure is told. In the judgment of the writer, such books debauch and viciate the imagination as the body is debauched and vitiated by strong drink."<sup>70</sup> Mathiews finishes with "Things the Executive Can Do," which includes promoting the "better books for boys" movement especially as it relates to the annual observance of Children's Book Week. Scout Executives should cooperate with local librarians in their efforts to influence booksellers to make store displays and window exhibits of the more worthwhile books for boys, and so on. The chapter may have been originally written before the BSA-approved TOM SLADE war stories appeared and I rather hope it was. For if it wasn't Mathiews showed himself as either ignorant of the books he was approving or else the biggest hypocrite of book reformers. In passing we should note that the BSA Library Department under the leadership of Franklin K. Mathiews in 1915 developed the Safety First Juvenile Book Week, subsequently known as Good Book Week, Children's Book Week, and finally National Book Week. "This was promoted, in cooperation with the American Library Association and the Parent Teachers Association, and is now a National feature."<sup>71</sup>

*Scouting*, November 1, 1915, had a section on the "Nation-Wide Campaign for 'Safety First' in Boys' Books" which lambasted nickel novels and one dime novel author who offered to write for *Boys' Life*. "Of course, we would have nothing to do with him, but some publishers do, and, as a result, we now have the nickel novel in the disguise of the bound book, selling at from twenty-five cents to fifty cents. In one case the nickel novel—the FRANK MERRIWELL series—has been bound in book form and until last year sold generally through the retail trade at fifty cents a volume." After more remarks about authors who formerly wrote nickel novels, "At the last annual meeting of the American Booksellers' Association the Chief Scout Librarian was privileged to read a paper urging upon the booksellers the necessity of taking some action that would help to prevent the sale of

these books, suggesting that the last week of November be set apart by the retail book trade as Juvenile Book Week."<sup>72</sup>

At this point Mathiews/West had used rhetoric and the printed word, had involved librarians and booksellers in their campaign against "trashy books" and had talked G&D into publishing a "BSA approved" EVERY BOY'S LIBRARY. There was a lot of apparent activity but little effect except for G&D who had the best of both worlds, handling many of the most popular Syndicate series while at the same time publishing the EBL and later, the BSA approved Fitzhugh series. It never backfired on G&D either, though it has always been a source of amusement to me to note that the TOM SLADE dust jackets advertised the Syndicate series and the TOM SWIFT jackets advertised the TOM SLADE books. At the bottom of the G&D TOM SWIFT jacket in front of me which advertises both the major Syndicate series and the Fitzhugh series appears in capital letters, "Parents may select any of these Grosset & Dunlap Books for their boys and girls and know that they are wholesome and clean in every way." So much for Mathiews attempts to salve the boys' brains.

### *End of Part II*

#### NOTES

<sup>29</sup> Murray, p. 406.

<sup>30</sup> Peterson, p. 61.

<sup>31</sup> Hillcourt, William, NORMAN ROCKWELL'S WORLD OF SCOUTING. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1977, p. 42.

<sup>32</sup> Williams, p. 17.

<sup>33</sup> Murray, p. 406.

<sup>34</sup> Hillcourt, p. 42.

<sup>35</sup> Peterson, p. 54.

<sup>36</sup> Howard, Jane, "For Juliette Gordon Low's Girls, a Sparkling Diamond Jubilee," *Smithsonian*, October, 1987, p. 50.

<sup>37</sup> HANDBOOK FOR SCOUTMASTERS. New York: BSA, 1929, p. 538.

<sup>38</sup> Peterson, p. 59.

<sup>39</sup> COMMUNITY BOY LEADERSHIP, A MANUAL FOR SCOUT EXECUTIVES, 2nd Edition. New York: BSA, 1922, p. 359.

<sup>40</sup> COMMUNITY BOY LEADERSHIP, p. 374.

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#### BIBLIOGRAPHIC PUBLICATION AVAILABLE FROM

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# PLUCK AND LUCK

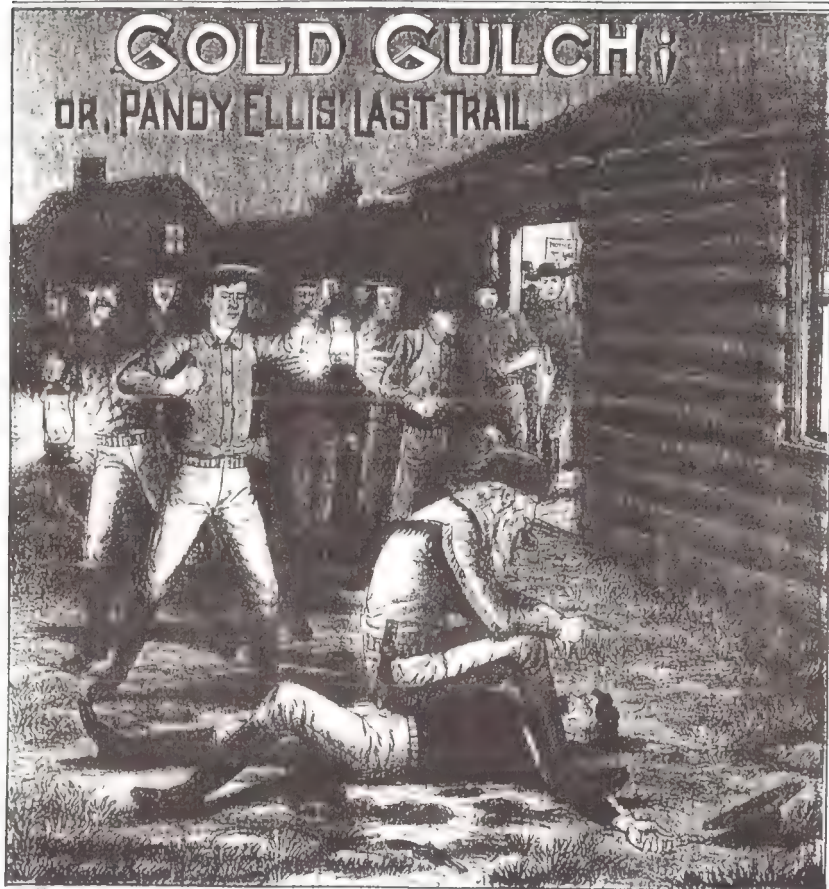
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Issued Weekly. By Subscription \$2.50 per year Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, November 7, 1896, by Louis Toney.

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 1, 1905.

Price 5 Cents.



He was thrown to the ground. At this instant a crowd of men came pouring from The Road to Ruin. Some of them bore lamps, and a hoarse shout went up when they discovered old Bolly Wherrit seated astride the reckless road agent.



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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 1, 1905.

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# GOLD GULCH

OR,

## PANDY ELLIS' LAST TRAIL.

---

BY AN OLD SCOUT.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE OVERLAND COACH FROM GREENHORN RANCH.

"Halt!"

The sharp summons cut through the air like a pistol-shot, such was the abruptness of its utterance. The overland coach from the ranch was just turning a sharp corner in the wild hills when this startling command broke upon the ears of the driver.

It was a terrible place to come to a halt in, for the passage was not over twelve feet in width, and should the horses become excited, there was danger of their dragging the lumbering mail coach over the edge, when a fall of several hundred feet awaited it.

Comanche Jack, the driver of the coach, drew his steeds in with an abruptness that jerked them upon their haunches. In

front of the coach and barring further progress was a man. He was mounted upon a coal-black horse that was remarkable for its magnificent build.

The man himself was slenderly built, and wore a suit of store clothes. A black mask hid the upper half of his features from view. Comanche Jack leaned forward after performing the difficult feat of drawing his horses up in the short space allotted to him, and through the gathering shades of evening peered keenly at the daring road agent.

Although considered a fearless man himself so far as taking great risks was concerned, the Texan driver of the overland mail made a wise conclusion when he discerned the slender figure of the road agent through the dusky twilight.

"Throw up your arms, Comanche Jack!" came the stern order; and with a laugh the driver obeyed, for he had nothing to lose, and knew better than to incur the displeasure of this king of robbers, whose oath of vengeance would speedily be followed by the death of the poor devil who was so unlucky as to offend him.

"All right; you know me. Now turn and inform your passengers that they will please get their articles of value in readiness, for the hour is late, and I have no time to lose."

He obeyed the order he had received, by turning and putting his mouth close to the opening used as a means of conference between the driver and his passengers:

"Gentlemen, one and all, we are stopped on the highway, and you will have the pleasure of being robbed by the prince of road agents, Dare-Devil Darrel. He has commanded me to bid you get your little deposits ready, as he is in a hurry. And," continued Jack, in a lower tone, "let me advise you to make no resistance, for he has his whole band at hand, and a foolish shot would cost us all our lives."

"Well said, Comanche Jack," cried the road agent, in a loud voice and with a ringing laugh, for he had heard all of the driver's speech. "It would not be well for any man to stir up Dare-Devil Darrel. Charlie, come forward with the light."

The hoofstrokes of a horse sounded upon the hard rock, and a mounted man, bearing a lantern in his hand, rode for-



ward toward the coach. By his own light his form was made visible, and also his face. It was a countenance peculiarly marked, for while it had a dashing, reckless, handsome look about it, want of principle and an excess of dissipation had left their cruel marks there. The reader will learn more of Prince Charlie as our story progresses.

He rode fearlessly to one side of the coach, and resting an immense revolver upon the door, held the lantern so that the inside of the vehicle was lighted up. At the same instant the masked chief of the Black Hills road agents made his appearance at the other window.

"Gentlemen," said he, rapping on the woodwork of the door with his revolver, in a way that was peculiarly suggestive of his determined character, "and ladies, I should say, as I perceive one of the fair sex in the corner yonder, I am Dare-Devil Darrel, the keeper of the highway. At this point you must pay toll before being allowed to pass on. Charlie, whistle for the men to keep an eye on Mr. Comanche Jack! I'm afraid of him ever since that affair at the Boulder Canyon. Now, gentlemen, we will proceed to business. I am a gallant man, and always pay my respects to the ladies first. Madame, what have you worth the taking?"

The veiled figure in the corner of the coach, that had sat as though petrified while the road agent was speaking, now seemed to become aroused. A small gloved hand was thrust out, and the play-toy it held aimed at Darrel. The sharp crack, like the discharge of a percussion cap, immediately followed, as the tiny revolver was discharged.

Dare-Devil Darrel did not even start as the little bullet severed a lock of hair from over his forehead, touching his skin in its passage. The veiled figure gave a little cry and sank back helpless in her corner, the small weapon falling from her nerveless grasp.

"Thank you, madame, you came within an ace of ruining the good looks of the handsomest road agent who ever took toll upon a western trail. If you will be so obliging, please to hand over your jewelry, money, or anything of value you may have about you," said Dare-Devil Darrel, quietly.

The veiled woman seemed to understand that there was no redress; and complied with his modest request, giving up some very valuable jewels and a purse well-filled with money. To prove his gallantry to the fair sex, the road agent quickly handed the latter back, minus only half its contents.

"You may need it, madame. Now, gentlemen, shell out, and the sooner you do so the better it will be for you," and he rapped his heavy revolver on the door as he turned to the rest of the passengers.

The light of the lantern held by Prince Charlie revealed the fact that these passengers were three in number. One of them was a miner, who had heard enough of the famous road agent to know the folly of resistance, and who handed out his belt of gold dust with a heartrending groan as he thought of the weeks of hard labor it had taken him to gather this little store of precious dust together.

A second of these three was a young man, handsome and light-hearted, who handed over a very thin purse, and defied the bandit to find anything more of value on his person, for if he could he would be welcome to it, as it was more than he was capable of doing.

The third passenger was a tall, angular trapper, dressed in greasy buckskin, and with his face almost wholly concealed by a shaggy, snow-white beard. He seemed to think that this being stopped and robbed by road agents was the most ludicrous thing that had ever occurred to him, and while his companions were shelling out, chuckled hugely.

"Now, my jovial old fellow, we'll pay our respects to you. What have you got worth taking?" said Dare-Devil Darrel, shifting his revolver so that it bore upon the body of the greasy trapper.

"Wouldn't like my old Betsy, would ye, judge? If she air an old rifle she kin shute. What else could ye expect from a pore lone trapper like me?" said the old fellow, in a mock alarmed tone.

"Come, come, my greasy friend, I think if you were to hand your belt out, you'd find something in it," said the road agent, impatiently.



At this the old trapper laughed immoderately, and handed out a very heavy belt.

"Now put your hand under the seat. A little bird whispers to me that you will find a tin box there, peculiarly heavy, which I am very anxious to possess," said Darrel, grimly.

The old trapper now laughed outright.

"Anything more, squire? It's a pesky shame, ye know, but this ole coon kin stand it, an' 'tain't every day az wun kin be robbed by sich a gent az ye air, ye know," laughed the queer old fellow, as he handed over the heavy tin box in question.

"Thank you, my greasy friend; you must have struck a pocket of considerable richness, judging from the weight of these. I like to make the acquaintance of such gentlemen as you, and can only hope that we may meet again before long," said Darrel.

"Squire, set your mind easy on that; we'll meet ag'in afore very long, but be keerful, squire, that ther boot ain't on ther other leg afore long," and the strange old fellow indulged in a dry chuckle.

"I'm willing to take all the risks, my greasy friend, and will remember all you have said. I think there is nothing left for me to do, seeing that my bold henchman, Prince Charlie, has carried off the mail, although it's little we'll find in that. I wish you good-day, gentlemen. Remember the prince of the road. Madame, bon jour," and he lifted his hat gallantly.

The veiled figure trembled, whether with rage or fear none could say, but not a word escaped from her lips. Dare-Devil Darrell gave a light laugh, and turned away, telling Comanche Jack to drive on.

Twenty yards further on the ledge widened considerably, and the coach passed a dozen mounted men, whose dark outlines could be seen against the white rock even in the gathering bloom, as they drew up in single file against the high wall to allow a passage for the coach.

In ten minutes the reckless driver put the whip to his horses, and the coach rattled over the rough road at a rapid pace, plunging so violently at times as to almost throw the

travelers from their seats. The miner was cursing his luck under his breath, and eyeing the white-bearded trapper strangely. Indeed, the latter did act queerly, what with his hearty though silent laughs and grotesque motions. At length, the miner's curiosity was aroused, and he begged to know what fun there could be in having such an amount of gold stolen, as he should like to try the same recipe himself.

"Gold!" cried the old hunter. "Thet belt an' box war filled with copper fillings I bought fur two dollars at Bismarck. I thought they'd hev a spy around, and it seems I 'war right. My gold air safe in my belt hyar. Drive fast, Comanche Jack, fur ef they overtake us thar's goin' ter be a hefty scrimmage," and he raised his voice.

As the coach rattled along, the muffled voice of the miner was heard, calling down maledictions on his own head for not having been sharp enough to delude the road agents in a like manner.

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## CHAPTER II.

### A TRIFLING CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

"Hang him!"

"Lynch the hound!"

"Tar and feather the varmint!"

"Shooting's too good for him. Take him alive!"

The dense crowd of woollen-shirted, long-bearded miners surged forward, as these and many other cries came from their midst. Huge revolvers, and long, cruel-looking bowle knives shone in the light of an immense bonfire that was crackling and roaring near by, momentarily gaining additional vigor.

It was a terrible sight to see this mob of angry men giving way to their passions, but when the fact became apparent that this abuse was all directed toward one individual, the case assumed a graver aspect, if such a thing were possible.

A dead tree, the trunk of which was of considerable diameter considering the rocky place where it had once flourished, stood in the open space, a grim sentry to the entrance of

Lucky Find Camp. Against this tree stood the figure of a man, with both hands extended, and in each a ready revolver, which were intended to do good execution when the time came.

His hat had been lost in the scrimmage with a couple of miners, that had preceded this threatening state of affairs, and his hair hung down over his shoulders in brown, curling masses. The desperate situation in which he found himself had caused an unnatural paleness to come over the young man's face, but beyond that he seemed to bear no evidence of having become alarmed, for his hands were perfectly steady as he held out the pair of finely-made revolvers, and whatever he might turn out to be, he was certainly grit to the backbone.

"What's ther matter hyar?" asked our leather-clad friend of the stage-coach, as, rifle in hand, he elbowed his way into the throng.

"We've got the reptile at last. They've sent for Red Robbin to come and identify him," said a red-shirted miner, glad of the opportunity to use his tongue to some advantage.

"Who do you mean by ther reptile?" persisted the greasy trapper.

"Dare-Devil Darrel, to be sure."

"What, ther road agent?"

"Eggsactly, the prince of road agents they call him, and if this feller turns out to be Darrel, thar'll be strange fruit on this tree in less than three minutes. Thar comes Red Robbin; if he says it's the road agent, all airth can't save him, for the boys hev got their dander up."

Having gained a position near the front rank of the angry mob, the trapper planted himself directly behind a huge miner and awaited further developments; nor had he long to wait.

The half-drunken man with the flaming red beard was assisted on each side by a stout miner, and in this way forced through the crowd. He was soon face to face with the young man who stood at bay.

"Red Robbin, air that yer old chief, Dare Devil Darrel?" shouted one of the excited men.

"It air," answered the wretch with a grin.



"Ye'll swar to it?"

"I'll swar to it."

"That air enough. Young man, yer doom is sealed. Hev ye anything ter say? Ef so, out with it quick, for the boys are rarin', tearin' mad."

The self-constituted judge was a tall fellow, with long, unkempt, black hair that hung upon his shoulders, and which he affectionately called his mane. This strange-looking man was a character, and styled himself Regulator Dan, from Drown-'em-out Creek.

"I have this to say: I consider you and your friends a set of scoundrels for whom hanging is too good. I am unknown in these diggins, and for that two of you chose to insult me. Then, because I knocked you down, you accuse me of being a road agent, and intend to do me bodily harm on the word of a half-drunken fool like that. I shall defend myself to the last, and I warn all of you to keep your distance on your lives. Now you have my opinion."

Was ever such boldness known before? The young man must be either the man whom they accused him of being, and thus afraid of falling into their hands, or else more than ordinarily reckless.

His last words once more aroused the anger of the crowd, which the first part of his speech had in a degree mollified. Savage exclamations were once more the order of the occasion, and again the many weapons were raised on high.

It seemed as though nothing could save the manly-looking young fellow, for the crowd was just on the point of rushing upon him, and putting into execution the threat made in regard to the hanging, and to do this they would have been first obliged to run the gauntlet of his firearms.

At this critical juncture, however, when it seemed as though nothing could delay the inevitable doom that was settling upon Howard Lancing, a loud voice called out the one word:

"Hold!"

As he spoke this commanding word the greasy trapper who had played such a desperate trick upon the prince of road agents in the coach from Green Horn Ranch, pushed his way

through the outer line of the crowd, and took up his station beside the young man.

The latter recognized in him his fun-loving and eccentric companion of the lonely ride, and greeted him with a smile that illuminated his pale face like magic, while the first thrill of hope passed through his frame.

"Waal, what now?" demanded the Regulator from Drown-'em-out Creek.

"What now?" cried the old trapper, as he turned like a wildcat upon Dan, "what now? I tell ye thar never war sich a pack o' born fools, leastways I never kim acrost 'em, an' I've seen a good many in my day—bust my moccasins if I ain't. This hyar young man air my friend—do ye hear, my friend?—an' ther fust critter w'at lifts a hand agin him dies like a dog. Thar's ther plain Latin fur it; put thet in yer pipe an' smoke it."

The rifle of the trapper came swinging around the circle until it bore upon the breast of Regulator Dan, when it became stationary.

"Gents," said that worthy, appealing to the crowd, "what d'ye think of this. Is this ole critter an accomplice, and is it all a regular plan to git the road agent away, after which they can laugh in their sleeves at us?"

The crowd thought it evidently was, judging from the cries and oaths that proceeded from it.

"Git up Red Robbin!" yelled one man.

"A good ijee!" declared another.

The half-drunken wretch was again hauled forward, and with a readiness that was absolutely refreshing, identified the white-bearded trapper as the prince of road agents' right-hand man, Handsome Charlie, sometimes called Prince Charlie.

Several in the crowd began to doubt the wisdom of their course at this, but there were spirits assembled there who would have believed anything, and they received this information with a yell.

"The critter's disguised! Down with both of 'em! We want justice here!" were the cries.

In another minute some act on either side would have preci-

pitated matters, after which there could be no drawing back, and a most terrible fight would have been the result. At this moment, however, a man forced his way through the crowd.

"What's this, Dan?" he demanded of the man from Drown-'em-out Creek.

"Hurrah, boys! here's Comanche Jack, the fire-eater. Jack, here's a chance to lead us. Thar stands Dare-Devil Darrel and Prince Charlie!" yelled the excited Regulator, who dared not make a move as long as that rifle covered him.

The Texan stage-driver strode up and took his position beside the old trapper, who laughed grimly.

"Why not let 'em hev it out, Jack, my boy. Thar's blood in their eyes, an' I'm willing ter 'commodate 'em any day. Thar's sum wolf blood in me ter-night, an' I feel able ter chaw ther whole lot o' 'em up. What made ye cum, Jack?" he said.

"'Cause some of 'em are my friends, and I don't want to see 'em hurt. Gentlemen, ye've made a mistake that it'll take some time ter rectify. This Prince Charlie, as ye call him, I used to know in the southwest, and then he sailed under the plain name of Pand y Ellis."

The old trapper was now leaning upon the muzzle of his long rifle, his keen eyes ranging the crowd to witness the effect of this startling communication. It was certainly startling enough to please any man, for had a thunderbolt broken in upon the assembled miners they could not have presented a better picture of consternation and chagrin.

Then a single voice broke out in a loud shout for old Pand y Ellis. It was Regulator Dan who gave utterance to this yell, and in another instant the cry was caught up by the rest, until they fairly made the welkin ring with their resounding huzzas.

Pand y Ellis was then made the recipient of an impromptu ovation. His reputation was as well known in the mines as that of gallant Custer had been with the Indians, and significant words, full of alarm, passed between various men in the crowd, whose business was not strictly legitimate, for the trapper chief was known to be the enemy of the class.



## LETTER

This is a sad duty I must perform!

My father, Ralph P. Smith, passed away Saturday, November 7, upon arising for the day. Although he had had lingering heart troubles for many years (and a pacemaker) his death was sudden from myocardial infarction so he did not suffer. He would have been 93 on December 11.

I have met you in the past along with many of his cronies but expect you would not remember me. In the heyday of dime novel collecting (?), in the 30s, I remember well Ralph Cummings (Reckless Ralph), Fisherville, Mass., Ray Caldwell and many others now long gone. Also remember Dad publishing *Dime Novel Roundup* from his home and helping sort (collate). This, in essence, was his life after the workaday world so necessary for survival.

With his loss the Dime Novel Community has lost one of its most knowledgeable. I considered him an expert in the field with his writings about Street & Smith, etc. Who today (me by association) ever heard of Gilbert S. Patten (who lived not far from here —by the way) better known to you aficionados as Burt L. Standish.

We may call upon you, sometime in the future, for some expert advice. Right now we are in the throes of trying to straighten out his affairs with a settlement of the estate thru an attorney.

His widow, my mother, intends to stay at the old home as long as possible.

Sincerely,  
Ralph W. Smith (Wally)  
RR1, Box 5645  
Dryden, ME 04225

Editorial Note: Ralph Smith was one of the founders of the Happy Hour Brotherhood and was the first and only publisher of the *Happy Hour Magazine*, which started in 1925. In 1930 Ralph Smith turned over its publication to Ralph F. Cummings who changed the name to *Dime Novel Roundup*. Ralph Smith will be sorely missed. I often consulted with him regarding the publication and stood fast by his advice. He was a grand gentleman and a collector of distinction. I will miss him.

## PULP MAGAZINE MUSINGS

By Rocco Musemeche

This was written while seated at a massive table in a forgotten niche just off the lobby of the Majestic Hotel, a Victorian Masterpiece on one of the main streets in Hot Springs, Arkansas. At my elbow is an acomodating sheaf of material we refer to as research papers, and a typewriter fed by an interesting topic: pulp magazine covers—Circus ones.

From the 1920s to the 40s, pulp covers beckoned shoppers with as much appeal as the soda fountains in those years. Covers brought weekly artistic change and to small town America an art museum it became.

Magazine racks blazing with color and truly fantastic art work were a poor man's museum, but to a pulp reader the displays were ogled at the corner news stands and given a more concentrated perusal at train depots, where the promise of dulling the miles ahead lay on a good selection.

Readers were alert to not only the covers but the contents.

*Argosy*, March 30, 1935, came with a complete novel of old time circus life, "Wagon Show War," by John Wilstach. The cover colorfully projects a clown engaged in fisticuffs with a roustabout before a midway poster which on the left proclaims it to be Carvel Circus just above ferocious lions on their pedestals while strangely enough the right side is topped by a Guntyr Circus proclamation above performing clowns done in dull paint. What grabs attention are the two different owners both appearing individually on the same poster. Good? Maybe, but the poster also features six splotches of mud hurled perhaps by an irate circus enemy or evidence of resentment to the artist's use of separate circus ownership. Artist (whose name is not legible) please step up.

*Short Stories Magazine*, August 10, 1946, calls attention to Theodore Roscoe's spellbinding "Side Show Shadows." Here most prominently a horror-stricken face, eyes widened with inexplicable fear, thrusts forward from a midway background peopled by a likewise fear-wrenched and milling throng. Above this unsettled, panic-struck crowd, a carnival broker, cane in hand and ticket spool at the ready, is exorting his attraction which the cover fails to depict. Despite the remote, cheery carnival atmosphere the mood of impending evil somehow casts itself noticeably. The only touch of humor and leaning on the bizarre, is a bald man clutching the doll he apparently won in a game booth. This is a special read on a hurricane filled night, by lamplight of course. Electricity flicks off in such natural disturbances. Maybe a better read in sunlight?

*Argosy—All Story Magazine*, February 27, 1926, is the only pulp publication known that pats itself on the back; a self-congratulatory promo blatantly done before the gaze of the viewer. The cover, emblazing the story, "OK For Oklahoma," by Walter A. Sinclair, shows a cowboy astride a black and white pony, hat aloft in hand, a cheer frozen from that day to this, hailing a billboard of coming events while the left side of the billboard pictured a group of exuberant bicycle riders racing over a John Holden feature titled, "Six Day Glory." What escapes the unobservant eye and provides an O. Henry touch high above on the billboard on a narrow strip, as if the words owned the page, were etched quite humbly and simply ...are you ready? Are you ready for pulp history, for it really is the only instance of such an odd touch? Up there atop the billboard somewhat humbly, somewhat proudly in a repeat performance the words...ARGOSY—ALL STORY WEEKLY, apart mind you, from the larger masthead so clearly displayed. A magazine title beneath a magazine title: ARGOSY—ALL STORY WEEKLY.

And, finally, though not concerned with circuses or the entertainment sphere, no cover, as far as humor is concerned, can hope to top the September 4, 1937, issue of *Argosy*, a masterpiece depicting a rifle-toting monkey in French Foreign Legion attire promoting the Theodore Roscoe novelette, "Monkey See, Monkey Do."

What brought us to the Majestic Hotel, this highly recognized spa of mineral bath and massage was pure old-fashioned relaxation, and what better way to unwind than a cold glass of lemonade as we contemplate and muse on the topic of circus art on the covers of pulp magazines?

\* \* \* \* \*

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